COED EDITION

McGill Daily

COED EDITION

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Potpourri
by mixer

Since this is the time of year when women wrest the reins from the slack grasp of the male sex, we were wondering how long this sort of thing had been going on. A trip to the library has given us a sound enough background of knowledge to be able to join with Ogden Nash in his own answer to the question, to wit, "Oh, quite long."

Feminism, which is Sadie Hawkins' Week put on a working basis, has been assaulting the world practically since Eve. With the exception of miscellaneous Saint Joans, who were looked upon with narrow-minded resentment by their contemporaries, it wasn't until the last century that women began to say right out loud that they were getting the short end of the stick. Today, women see no reason why they should be the power behind the throne when they can, almost as easily, be the power on the throne—a reasonable enough view.

During the era of the latter-day Victorians, feminine sense of inferiority was rapidly coming to a boil. The women of the world began to weary of brooding over their crochet while their lords and masters went out of an evening to see what the boys in the back room would have.

The Nineteenth Century tidal wave of objection to the established order was impressive if a bit bewildering. Carry Nation, the Woman with the Hatchet, was a lesser feminine John Brown, directing her assaults against alcohol, tobacco, and Masonry with a chorus of biblical invective. One of the more representative, though far from the most spectacular, of her exploits was an insurrection which she led against a Wichita saloon. She headed a hand of axe-wielding disciples and demolished the property before the horror-stricken eyes of the proprietor. After the crippling experience was over, he was asked why he hadn't knocked her down. "God forbid," said he chivalrously, "that I should ever strike a woman."

The fight for the extension of the franchise was another example of sheer indefatigable energy. Strikingly enough, an outstanding suffragette was the mother of Lillian Russell. This latter ornament of the Mauve Decade apparently grew up unscathed by maternal influence, as the only tyrannical movement directed against the male sex in which she participated was matrimony.

Some anonymous cynic (male, no doubt) has referred to our modern day as the age when men are men and so are the women. Man, ever realistic, accepts the situation with only an infrequent petulant outburst. Such a one we heard the other day when a determined jeune fille, one who is frighteningly active both in athletics and politics (a sort of combination Dorothy Thompson and Babe Didrickson) was engaged in an earnest one-sided debate with a decidedly weary looking young man. As she paused

SADIE THE SOPHISTICATE

Sadie Hawkins has this year gone blasée. This is seen in the attitude of the coeds at the recent meeting of the Students' Society. Needless to say, this is quite out of keeping with the spirit of Sadie Hawkins, and the responsible and fun-loving coeds who are responsible for keeping her alive would like herewith to go on record as being disgusted with the above. You'll see at the Coed Coast and at the Spinsters' Spree.

Galloping Pole Canvasses Attitude of McGill Coeds To Sadie Hawkins' Week

Women Frankly Show Customs and Tastes

. . . Of course, I'm not really a Pole (but a sort of Englishy Scot, I think); however I went galloping around like the Editor told me, finding out what the girls think about Sadie Hawkins' Week, and tabulating their answers. Because a tabulation looks so professional and cute, and it's such a musical name, tabulation—like tribulation—makes me think of harps hanging on a weepin' willow tree, and all. . .

Anyway, there are three sets of questions: a) general questions on the week as a whole, its spirit, its length, etc. b) Questions designed to find out attitudes towards important technical problems, as to how far the usual roles of protecting male and clinging female are reversed. c) Deals with less important aspects of Sadie Hawkins' Week—men, etc.

The girls questions were equally distributed between first, second, third and fourth years.

First a): questions, answers, and conclusions.

1) Do you take advantage of Sadie Hawkins' Week? Yes—84%; No—16%.
2) Do you approve of the change of spirit this year? Yes—52%; No—48%.
3) Do you approve of the shortening of time from a week to three days? Yes—50%; No—50%.
4) Would you prefer it to be on a week-end? Yes—60%; No—40%.

The conclusions to be drawn from these results are fairly obvious (even to me): co-ed opinion is fairly evenly divided between the new and the old, between slap-happy Sadie and good-spirited Women Students' Hospitality Return Week. On the shortening of the time there is an even division of opinion; as to the absence of week-end festivities there is a small majority who would return to the old scheme.

So we come now to the second section, which is so-o-o-o much more interesting:

1) Do you say "This is Sadie speaking," when inviting a boy out? Yes—76%; No—24%.
(Main excuses—for saying yes: "It's cute"; for saying no: "Too coy.")
2) Do you hold your guests' coat, open doors, etc? Yes—96%; No—4%.
(N.B.—This is the nearest approach to unanimity in the results; the girls evidently relish their chance to show the men how these lighter touches should be gracefully achieved.)
3) Do you feel embarrassed when paying checks? Yes—25%; No—75%.
(Most usual comment—"Not so much embarrassed as pained!")
4) Do you enjoy doing these above things, or do you prefer to act as if on an ordinary date, except for the detail (?) or paying? Yes—78%; No—12%.
(In other words, though a few sophisticates regard the traditional customs as corny, most of the girls believe half the fun is in goin' the whole hog, as we say in Dogpatch.)
5) . . . . . Hold your seats! This is the most interesting of all, especially in its answers. . . . .

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Sadie Leaves Us Thirsty

Spinsters' Spree Will Features Spinsters, etc.

Sadie Hawkins will have a gala send-off Thursday night in R.V.C. at the Spinsters' Spree when Ron Rutherford and his Stardusters play for the trumphant coeds and their unfortunate dates, who will be celebrating with them.

The official time of the dance is from 9.00 p.m. to 1.00 a.m. Sadie will then vanish into thin air or wherever it is she goes to for the rest of the year.

A list of those selling tickets appears, and tickets may also be purchased at the office of the Women's Union tomorrow from 12.30 to 1.30 p.m. and on Wednesday from 1.00 to 2.00 p.m.

The committee for the Spree includes Karlene Norton, Bea Moreau, and Cynthia Percey. Decorations are being arranged by Joan Storey, Bruce Lobley, Charlie Whittaker and Kent Winter. Refreshments, which are covered by the price of the ticket, will be supplid by Ogilvy's, Ltd.

Coeds are advised by the committee to purchase their tickets early, since accommodations have been made for only two or more people, and the affair is expected to have a capacity attendance. The chairman of the committee is quoted as saying, "The dance will and can be only a success if a capacity crowd attend; the spirit of the Spinsters is a spirit of fun and happy riots should be shared by everyone."

The girls who are selling tickets are Margery Cross, Patsy Dunton, Cooba Sharp, Marie Lafontaine, Carol Babbitt, Sheila Bell Mappin, Helen Leavitt, Betty Dunn, Margery Townsend, Natalie Rosenthal, Elizabeth Hillman, and Janet Hamilton.

Male Contingent Sighs for Dates

Men Anxiously Await That Necessary Bid

At last trousers are being worn, ties straightened, hair polished, et al. The male element of the Campus is sitting up and looking pretty, and all because of Sadie. Expressions are suddenly become more pleasant, with constant smiles in evidence, and faces at long length are closely shaved. Sartorial perfection, in shorts, is everywhere, and all because of Sadie.

There are none of the "I don't care and I don't give a damn, Clubmen" this year. The stark reality which, in these days, we all have to face, has killed. it seems, all attempt at hypocrisy, and the attitude, of the men this year, is, frankly, one of datehunting; all and any detached-looking female, surrounded by a bevy of designing males, of all sorts, from the shy, home-loving type, who can bake light, fluffy cakes, and chocolate fudge, to the gold-digging, mercenary variety with oodles of oomph?

Take, for instance, the engineer here sketched. Note how he has arrayed himself in his uniform in order to captivate the ladies, how he has parted his hair, and how pleasing his little smile is. He carries a spear too, wherewith to insinuate his manly prowess, and his gesticulations are most enthralling.

(This, of course was written for the Coed Daily, and as such cannot be held to represent the true opinions of the author. The ladies may like to deceive themselves as above, but we males know differently.)

S.C.M.

The Bishop of the Arctic will speak to the Mission Study Group of the S.C.M. today at 1 o'clock. Members are asked to meet in the lobby of Divinity Hall.

Sadie Rides Caboose to McGill

Kampus King

FERDINAND FLAT, whom the co-eds yesterday crowned Kampus King, after a heated battle.

Also Ran

A plumber who also entered the contest.

Coeds Choose Kampus King

Fairest Ferdy Flattered by Fearless Coeds

Over fifteen of the most handsome men on the campus paraded before the judges at the Kampus King Kontest, held yesterday. The contestants were a trifle shy at first but were quickly put at their ease by various coeds. They strutted comparatively gracefully before the judges, but seemed rather disconcerted to note that there were a few cameras present. At this point in the proceedings, several Engineers who were in the know, attempted to crash the contest, but were skilfully ejected by certain powerful Amazons. After this interruption the contest proceeded smoothly, although the judges found it difficult to choose between so many almost perfect specimens.

The final lucky winner was Ferdinand Flat. Blushing with pleasure, Mr. Flat kindly consented to give the following exclusive interview to a reporter from the Co-ed Daily. Naturally the high point of the interview was his impression of the McGill Co-eds. "They are wonderful, and even more beautiful than is commonly believed, having among other charming points a queenly intelligence." These, are the actual words but the reporter was a sensible feminist and entirely unaffected by such flattery. Feeling that it would be unfair to arouse any more jealousy between the faculties it has been decided to withhold the name of the faculty of which Mr. Flat is a member.

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Students Asked To Sign Lists

Told to Remember Paper on Building Walls

By OBIE

I recently reported that Sadie in conjunction with the editor of the Annual has asked students to sign the lists indicating that they will purchase annuals. This came to me as a special dispatch from the county of Dogpatch last night, by pony express.

In addition to all this, the biographies editor tells me that the biography forms are almost but not quite all in and begs for co-operation from the students. At this point a biography of Sadie is not

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Young Cribbers' League Issue 'Pink Pantlet'; Demand Action

"Cribbers of the campus unite; we have nothing to lose but our degrees," is the slogan of the recent issue of the "Pink Pantlet," official publication of the Young Cribbers League of the Province of Quebec, which is being received with mixed comment at McGill.

Our members are working under too much of a strain, declared the leading editorial. Let us demand the answers to our exam papers a week in advance instead of being quizzed by unintelligent profs. Let us remove the blackout on truth. Let us make our colleges what they are meant to be, the centres of the arts of cribbing, crabbing and crooning.

We students have a world-wide tradition to follow in the fight against cramming, the feature continues. We Young Cribbers, a small minority among Canadian University students, are pledged to do our utmost to defeat cramming. All energies and resources must be mobilized for this gigantic task. Throughout the world the Young Cribbers are leading in the struggle against the examiners. Canada is the only country where the Young Cribbers' League is illegal. We call on all serious students to join our ranks in order to strengthen the fight against cramming and Christmas graduations.

Copies of the "Pink Pantlet" may be obtained in the R.V.C. Tuck Shop.

REMEMBER THE HARPIES?

Take care———there are people of that ilk still about.. They are the co-eds of pseudo-journalistic trends, who inhabit the "Daily" and who are responsible for this affront to newspaper tradition.

BEWARE OF THE HARPIES!!!!

You'll see at the Co-ed Coast and at the Spinsters' Spree.

Sadie Will Be Hostess At "Daily" Tea Dance

Co-eds, many of you have been hoping to get another chance to take out as many of your ardent admirers as possible. The Co-ed "Daily," eager to be helpful to every soul in distress, has taken upon itself to sponsor a tea party which will be held in the Union Grill Room on Wednesday afternoon from 4.30 to 6.30. Everybody is cordially invited (as long as she pays a nickel a piece, in coin, to get the nickelodeon supplied.) During that time the Grill Room's function as the Pit will be suspended. So girls, don't be shy and get the boys to come with you. If you can't think of taking anyone come along anyhow; you have to do the paying, but you can do as much cutting in as you want. Males are only admitted under the careful supervision of their escort. Girls—you'll do all the things the men usually do (you may act as an engineer if you care to) except for the leading while dancing. So, scarpe together your nickels and come to the coeds teadance.

Sadie Reveals Glee at News of Eligible Males

Rare Form of Dogpatch Belle Menaces Men

by H.A.

When interviewed yesterday on the subject of her pending visit on McGill Campus, Sadie Hawkins, that utterly devastated belle of Dogpatch, appeared somewhat depressed by the near tragedy which almost banished her from the annals of McGill, but she brightened visibly on hearing that a new detachment of the R.C.A.F. 150 strong had just come to build up the contingent at the barracks.

Sadie's eyes showed a predatory gleam when she was also told that not only were these new arrivals available for capture but that there were 150 more of the R.C.A.F. still here. These boys still have some weeks more of training, and they are among those who are anxiously awaiting their fate at the hands ofthe intrepid huntress.

Lacking some of the attributes of that model huntress—that chaste, but unchased Diana—Sadie nevertheless presented a very striking appearance and her agility as she descended from the train boded ill for the unwary male, that mythical creature who may wish to elude her grasping touch.

Her erstwhile gloom lifted still further when informed that the M.R.T.B. had acquired uniforms since Sadie's visit last year. She candidly admitted that she had a special weakness for uniforms—particularly the belted variety, since they eliminated some of the uncertainties of capture in close quarters.

She refused to divulge any of the tactics she would use during the present campaign, but it is rumored that she considers the flying tackle type somewhat obsolete, and that she will use subtler methods to achieve the desired ends.

Graduate Students.

A Graduate Student's Association Party will be held on Friday evening, January 30th, at 9.00 in the McGill Union Grill Room. Watch this column for further information.

CONCERT SYMPHONIQUE

Schumann's Symphony No. 3, The Rhenish, and Beethoven's Violin Concerto will be the principal items on the program to be given tonight by the Orchestra of Les Concerts Symphoniques. Desire Defauw will be the soloist in the concerto.

Other items to be played include Borodine's In The Steppes of Central Asia and The Three-Cornered Hat Suite by Manuel de Falla. The concert begins promptly at 8.20 in the Plateau Auditorium.

Condescends to Forget Old Anti-Hawkins Cry

Received at Depot By Anxious Oilers

"Woo-woo," blew the train whistle, and all the engineers jumped out on the track excitedly. "Goody, goody, here she comes. Quick, where's our quorum?" The train dashed up, slammed on its brakes, and guess who peeped coyly out the air-conditioned pipe? Sadie Hawkins!

She was immediately mobbed by McGill Men, a bevy of male reporters and one long journalist from the Co-ed Daily, who was completely ignored after the men sighted Sadie. One of the downtown reporters stuck his pencil in Miss Hawkin's face and shouted "I warn you that any thing you say will be used against you." "Boo," howled the engineers and pushed him off the car and the Co-ed Dailyite slipped into his place.

"Gosh, we sure are glad to see you, Sadie, old gal," someone shouted, but the new arrival remarked haughtily: "Miss Hawkins to you, sir." Everyone drew back aghast, and she added, "I'm a lady now—see."

"To what do you attribute this remarkable change, Miss Hawkins?," said the Daily reporter. Sadie sighed. "It's just reaction. I was so shocked to hear I'd died that I nearly didn't recover." When asked how the rumour had originated, she replied that it was due to a mistaken report received by the Women's Union and spread entirely by fifth columnists.

She decided to go out into the fresh air, and said "Will one of you gentlemen help me on with my coat." The Engineers, Meds, and Artsmen looked at each other questioningly, wondering who she meant. Finally an Air Force man pushed his way through the mob and gallantly helped her on with her horseblanket. The crowd prepared to leave the train.

Miss Hawkins, unused to high heels, tripped as she descended the stairs. "Oh—" (censored—Sadie forgot to be a lady)—she muttered. But she recovered and slipped a battered copper into the porter's hand.

"Were you amused or annoyed by the reports of your decease, Miss Hawkins?" ventured a reporter. "My what? Oh, you mean my death. Well, at first I thought it was funny, and thought I'd turn up suddenly and surprise you. Tee hee," she giggled, "I thought that would be a grand joke."

Suddenly her face saddened. "But then, everybody began to slander me. Imagine, saying I wasn't a lady." A tear splashed noisily on the platform, and one of the Engineers ran home to get his rubbers. "I w-w-was s-so h-hurt," s-she b-began to s-sob (at that p-point even the

(Continued on Page Four)

Triumphant

Daisy Mae Scragg who edged out Artsmen to become President of the Political Economy Club.

Economy Club Elects Girl

Daisy Mae New President; Prof. Upholds Merits

Daisy Mae Scragg was elected president unanimously and unopposed of the Political Economy Club at the latest meeting held last night, in the Union Grill Room. The meeting was held to put an actual president in office.

This emergency session had been called on comparatively late notice, due to the sudden arrival of Miss Scragg, arriving shortly before Miss Hawkins, and to the evident desire of certain members to profit by her dazzling and sweet-overwhelming character to put her in office.

Before the election was held, Professor John Cullilton, of the department of Economics and Political Science, stood up to proclaim the merits of their sole candidate. He explained that he was not shooting any bull to the bulls, because he had actually cut his Economics lecture to complete all the preparations for receiving the candidate properly, so that she might be properly impressed with the responsibilities it was hoped that she would undertake. He was loudly applauded and approved.

The fact that the nomination was unopposed shows the desperate avidity of the men to gain favor and attention. It's a ruse that Daisy Mae should be protected from discovering; as Professor Culliton said in his closing remarks, "It is to be hoped that Miss Scragg will receive all the consideration that is due to a lady from gentlemen."

Miss Scragg was the only lady present, and she was warmly assured by all men present that not

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LAST-MINUTE FLASH!

It has been reported on reliable authority that Dr. Jones, believed by some to be the Warden of R.V.C., will attend the Spinsters' Spree disguised as Sadie Hawkins herself. She has, it is stated, already begun to effect the transformation, since such an extreme and basic change will require at least three days' preparation.

Around the Globe

Japanese Aircraft Carrier Torpedoed:

The United States Navy reported that an American submarine had torpedoed a Nipponese aircraft carrier in the Western Pacific. The ship is believed to have been sunk.

Americans Land in Ulster

Several thousand American soldiers were welcomed in Ulster by high British officials. The continental destination of the expeditionary force has not been revealed.

King Announces Large Canadian Army Overseas

During 1942 Canada's overseas army will be enlarged until it consists of two corps, Prime Minister King told the House of Commons. He also forecast a direct contribution of war supplies to Britain to the extent of one billion dollars.

Hanson Proposes Premier Avoid Plebiscite

Conservative leader Hanson called upon Prime Minister King to seek absolution from anti-conscription pledges by an appeal to the peoples' parliamentary representatives.

Around the Campus

T'day: Natcherly Sadie's hyah. Konsidrin' how gals have writ this hyah noospapur, 'n are totin theya lil abners ta the' slidin shindig t'nait in apreeshyashun of thar curt'sy in th' past, the' deesidad thet th' thot war apreesheeativ. Deebaturs semee fynals in th' Arts Bildin' at 3.00 p.m. . . . I.V.C.F. meet at 5.00 p.m. in stoodents hows.

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T'mory: Sadie natcherly talks her abner war iver she pleezes. . . . Fileesoficul sosyetee meets at 8.15 p.m. an' some bodee air goner speek on "Anthropomofic Gods" but ah caint unerstan' this heah word. . . . Th' koral s'syetee will rehurs at 5.00 p.m. . . . Co-ed "Daily" tea-dans frum 4.30 to 6.30, at ten sens a cupl.

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Thursd'y: Sadies can hol thar lil abners to th' spree an' dans to th' moosik of Ron Ruthurford's Stardusters.

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Cumin': Players Club will act th' producshun of "Owt of The fryin' pan into th' fyur."

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President's Message

These are stirring times, what with war on four continents and Sadie Hawkins "turned about" right in our midst. To find the balance on these dizzy scales is no sinecure. Yet this is the task which faces every student—to decide and to do.

As time goes on national service at home will fall more and more upon the shoulders of the women. We will be equal to the task. The spirit which will carry us over the top can be seen in our fire-fighting efforts on the campus; the will to accomplish is evidenced by this issue of the *Daily* written and edited entirely by co-eds.

—Sylvia Grove.

On Equality

(The following editorial, written by Elizabeth Hillman, wins the five-dollar War Savings Certificate offered by the Women's Union—Women's Editor.)

"Equal rights for women!" To us in Quebec this has been no ludicrous, long-dead battlecry of a past generation. Within the last few years the League for Rights of Women of Quebec has been fighting to gain not only the right to vote, but to hold office, to make contracts without permission of husband (or other controlling male), to buy and sell property, and so on.

And the result—women of R.V.C. who graduate this year will enter a society which concedes to them the franchise, and also opportunities to enter many professions closed to graduates a few years ago.

But we University students, because we took no part in the struggle to gain these rights often forget that when those older women accepted benefits in the name of all Quebec women, they pledged us all to equality of responsibility and duty, the corollary of equality of opportunity. The old accusation that University students are too much detached from the problems and interests of the community applies especially to the women; perhaps that is another reason why we care so little either for the rights to which we fall heir, or the duties for which we are liable. . . . And perhaps we spend too much time trying not to deflate the famous male ego by insisting on either of these "equalities."

Then along comes Sadie Hawkins week—and for a few days we show the men what we can do in the way of check-paying, coat-holding, door-opening and such. But this gay-spirited taking on of the social responsibilities of men points for most of us this year a rather uncomfortable moral. The ratio of one to fifty-one is a good enough proportion for these comparatively smaller matters; but in more important matters few of us can be satisfied with the ratio of the burden we are bearing in this war in comparison with the men. And in the things we can do we fall so pitifully short! Those who heard an address at the first Women's Union Meeting on the necessity of more knitting for the Red Cross will probably in the majority of cases have cause to reproach themselves with good resolutions not carried out. And that's just one example of an embarrassingly long list of things we might have done more often and more thoroughly.

Well, good ol' Sadie would probably be horrified to think that her visit had called forth such solemn thoughts; but on thinking it over she would probably nod her homely head in approval of our turnabout time resolution "to accept our responsibilities as we demand our rights—equally with the men."

(Appearing below is the editorial by Helen Alexander judged second best in the Women's Union Contest—Women's Editor.)

Characteristic of the progress of civilization throughout the ages has been the struggle of women for their rightful place in society, and, as progress was made, their valuable contribution to society received increasing recognition. That neither of these processes has reached the limit of its possibilities must be obvious. Indeed, we have, on our own campus, evidence of the former in the Co-ed's invasion of the Engineering Building and their infiltration into various faculties which were heretofore taboo.

This seems just, for while the average woman has distinctly less aptitude for these branches of learning, it cannot be denied that there are exceptions, and it seems only right that such individuals should be granted an opportunity to use this ability to the greatest possible advantage.

Yet of one fact we must not lose sight however far we would wish to carry this struggle for equality, and it is this: In some respects men and women are unequal, and since this inequality is fundamental, it is worse than useless either to deny it or defy it. This inequality does not necessarily imply inferiority on the part of women. On the contrary, the relationship between men and women is a symbiotic one and each is equally important in the scheme of life.

The ideal state, if such could be achieved, is not that women should become rather poor carbon copies of the envied male but rather that they should develop to the full their own special feminine capabilities, recognizing their limitations in certain fields, but believing firmly that they have a place in the sun, not because of their ability to copy the achievements of men, but because of their differences, which fit them for a different role than their male contemporaries.

It has been pointed out, at times, that women in their new found freedom, are somewhat prone to demand the privileges of equality without being willing to accept the responsibilities which such freedom necessarily entails. It is a serious accusation, and one which we can do much to negate, if we are willing to make the necessary sacrifices.

With reference to the immediate present, it might be said that since women have demanded the jobs which formerly were the exclusive occupation of men, it seems only just that they should make some contribution toward expenses entailed by both.

(You don't like the idea? Sorry—but why *not* carry this matter of equality to its logical conclusion? Maybe you *are* going without that extra hat to take him out this week. So what? Maybe there was a time when he could have used a new pair of shoes . . . but you wanted to see the newest floor show. . . . Bury your prejudices against Sadie for three days and give him a break!)

The Weekly C(h)at
by shirley

Call it what you will—Turnabout Time, Week for the Weak, or Sadie Hawkins (may she rest in peace), but let me tell you that this is one opportunity that we women get to assert ourselves, and we're going to do it.

Now I'm speaking strictly from personal experience (and believe me I've had plenty of that). Some of my experiences have been very embarrassing in nature. One particular one that I shall never forget happened just last year during Sadie Hawkins when I took a fellow out for the evening. We had a very nice time up to the time I took him home (sober). Naturally, it was up to me to be the aggressive one that night. But I'm afraid I carried my aggression too far, for when I tried to kiss him goodnight he very properly slapped my face, and slammed the door from the inside.

Now that incident is nothing in itself, but every day and in every way we see slurs being cast at the female of the species. Why only last week, there appeared a news item in one of the metropolitan papers about a certain Women's Symphony Orchestra being composed of ". . . forty odd women." That I maintain is going a bit too far. Not all women are beautiful, I will admit. As a matter of fact I've sometimes seen better pans under ice-boxes, but that is no reason for them to be referred to as "odd."

Perhaps I should be philosophical about the whole thing. But some things just burn me up. So bear that in mind I would like to give the younger female members of the campus the benefit of my advice based on years of experience. (I'm really not very old, although at my last birthday party when they brought in the cake seven women fainted from the heat. There is also a rumour that my old age pension is taking care of my tuition very nicely, but I would not care to verify that.)

But just before I go ahead with my advice I would like to relate one anecdote which talks for itself.

(The characters, not the incidents, in this story, are fictitious. If there is any resemblance to anyone, then this story is better than I think it is.)

The plot concerns a young lady whom we shall call Judy. Now Judy had the misfortune to invite a gentleman friend of hers out during Sadie Hawkins week. They attended a football game (on Student coupons, naturally) and Judy anticipated taking her beau to the dance in the Union in the evening, leaving a few hours between. But the boy-friend, being a very understanding soul, hinted (with the subtlety of a German blitzkrieg) that he would not mind seeing one of the better down-town shows before going to the dance. At that time, as at other times, Judy was financially embarrassed so her swain kindly consented to look after the expenses. The expenses came to some three dollars ($3.00), including supper. Well, what do you think happened? Judy got a nice little bill next week from her boy-friend (?) for the exact amount of $3.00. Do you think she paid it?

So my advice, girls, is very brief and to the point. Don't play hard to get. If a fellow calls you up at 7 o'clock on Saturday night and you are doing nothing but sittin' and Knittin' for Britain, don't pull the wool over your own eyes and spin them the yarn about being busy. Go out with him. Don't tell him you're busy when you're not. It's alright to play hard to get till you're thirty-eight, after that it's not so funny. Look at me.

That's the whole point. Men really aren't so bad—but ". . . the good is oft' interred with their bones."

Odd Verse

Join the Army
or
Do You Believe in Reciprocity?

You must remember the Colonel's name,
And which is the Colonel's Lady.
(Some of you gals will be soldiers' wives
Whether or not there is Sadie.)

You must interpret the pips and crowns
And note the new stripe with a smile.
(The milit'ry air will get some of you whether
Or not you woo Dogpatch style.)

You must always be ready to say goodbye
To home, or hubby, or favorite plan.
(If all the men are fighting for us
Shucks, Maw, I reckon I'll fight for a man!)
—Mumbling Minnie.

(P.S.—I got him!)

❖ ❖ ❖

Piffle piffle Engineer
Do you wonder why we sneer,
Did you think you had a say
Concerning Sadie's length of stay,
"Co-ed can you spare a dime?"
The hot-house boys together chime.
Dripping buckets full of tears.
Piffle piffle Engineers.

—R.V.C.

Filius Campi

Ever since Hringrothe, the brave and uncanny warrior of the third century, appeared in public with clothes on, men throughout the world have interested themselves in their appearance.

We trace the progress of men's clothes through the years. In this connection, we quote from the most famous treatise on clothes, Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus": He says "Clothes make the man and consequently . . . a rose by any other name will smell . . . a well dressed man is . . ." To top these brilliant comments he concludes with "All men are advised to wear clothes to suit their distinctive personalities."

To continue however. We pass over medieval fashions lightly and proceed to present day modes. The working man, of course, wears clothes suitable to this type of work; for example the traditional dark clothes of the scavenger have been superseded by a light coloured side-pressed trousers topped by a conventional four-button drape. The shoes of course are sturdy and of a Scottish brogue tied in an elegant bow to the left side.

A discussion of the clothes of all professional men is beyond the scope of this column. Instead we shall discuss at length the modern college student. His trousers vary in type from floor length to ankle length, depending upon the student in question. The pattern is according to fashion experts, preferably yellow checks on a red background; this, it is said, achieves the effect of a brilliant personality. This is generally topped by a pale mauve satin-backed taffeta shirt. This helps to accentuate the typical masculine beauty. The waistcoat is chosen at the discretion of the wearer, emphasis being placed on colour harmony.

Footgear varies from the conventional oxfords to the less conventional, but at the same time equally radiant, pink suede pumps. Velvet bows have been worn with pleasing effects. Hose are of the heavy wool type generally worn by lumberjacks, and though there is still a controversy between Schiaparelli and Borskiowski on this matter, public opinion seems to agree that heavy woollen socks are the most convenient.

Jewellery and accessories are scanty. Rings can achieve a ravishing effect. Bracelets and necklaces, though rare at the present, will soon come into their own. The military influence has resulted in brass buttons being worn on greatcoats.

These fashion hints, it is hoped, will help to achieve a better dressed man in the university of tomorrow.

Date—"If you kiss me, I'll scream."
Big Operator—"But there's no one within hearing distance."
Date—"Then what are you scared of?".
—Queens Journal

A genius is a man who can rewrite a travelling salesman's joke and get it accepted by the Ladies' home Journal.—Queen's Journal.

"With Malice Toward Some"

(From The Manitoban)

"We" and some more of our opinions:

This time let's talk about the men. We don't ordinarily, of course. And it's about time someone did. "We," being an authority on the subject, feel fully qualified to do the talking. **We don't like, are sick of, and definitely object to:**

Boys who dress like this: Hats with enormous brims, suit coats practically down to their knees (and tan ones at that), bow-ties, loud pin-striped pants with a drape about 22 to 8; shoes with pointed toes. It is not so bad when it's just one thing, but all of them. Well!

Boys who are short and thin and wear those big brimmed hats. They look like weasels. (There, I've got that off my chest.)

Boys who are forever putting on the "I'm cynical about women" act. Obviously some smart gal has taken them for a ride at some time or other and they can't take it.

Boys who stand in front of a Wurlitzer and go into ecstacies over the jive issuing forth, accompanying it with snapping fingers, silly faces and meaningless groans—of delight, we presume.

Boys who think they are intellectual giants . . . because they usually aren't.

Boys who won't keep their hands to themselves. They'll probably find that the girl can get along quite well under her own steam.

Boys who are unaware of the common rules of courtesy, but worse still . . . those who know them but forget to observe them.

Boys who think that just because they are boys they don't need to keep their hands and nails clean.

The male equivalent of the droopy-eyed, long-haired, dead-pan, glamour girl. These are even more repulsive than the genus known as "smoothie boy."

And while we're on this subject—do you boys have to have your hair growing down over your collar? It is definitely not essential to your masculinity, believe "we." But then, on the other hand, must you have it cut so short above your ears? It looks as though mamma had cut it with the aid of the old mixing bowl.

Boys who have forgotten that the "Saturday night bath" is another institution that went out with the horse and buggy. Progress has been made in the form of running water, issuing forth from a shower, daily.

Boys who think it's smart to have that "blue line" on their chins. And what inner urge compels every boy to grow a moustache, at one time or another?

O.K., boys, don't get mad . . . it's the truth that hurts. Of course, there are a lot of things about you that we do like you know. We like:

Boys who show the girls a little appreciation . . . most of us are suckers for flattery, you know.

Boys with a sense of humor.

Boys who use a little imagination in their clothes. We like pale blue trousers in the summer time.

Boys who always manage to look neat—creased trousers, clean shirts, and all the rest.

Boys who treat every girl as though she were a lady. Treat a gal like a lady, you know, and she is liable to start acting like one.

Boys who can dance nicely. And we say this because we feel that not only is it a necessary social accomplishment, but it is within the power of almost all to dance at least passably.

Boys who behave as gentlemen under any circumstances.

Boys who possess at least the appearance of being congenial people when meeting a girl's parents. This never fails to impress. Besides, with the girl's father and mother on your side, you can't lose.

Boys who have nice table-manners, thus indicating that they are not ashamed of any upbringing which they have previously received at the hands of mothers and apparently fault-finding older sisters.

Boys who are generally thoughtful, kind, courteous, and considerate.

Boys who are interested in sports and outside activities as well as girls and the latest swing records.

Boys who can carry on an intelligent conversation along general lines, including current events, music, art, and sports, etc.

Upright character, good breeding, nice manners, a social nature all combine to make the ideal man. That's all, boys, and we appreciate you, really we do.

SCHUBERT.

Schubert's Unfinished Symphony was written in 1882. It is called "Unfinished" because it consists of only two movements instead of the usual four. The name does not imply that the work was suddenly interrupted. Though Schubert died young, he had abandoned any idea of writing other movements to this work several years before his death, and the symphony is complete in two movements.

Schubert was an Austrian composer of the early nineteenth century. He spent most of his life in poverty, and had less musical training than most important composers. His greatest fame is as a song-writer, and even in his symphonies, the melodic element is predominant.

This symphony is typical of Schubert, and shows a considerable difference from some of his earlier ones which were in a more traditional style, and largely imitative of Mozart. The "Unfinished" is a thoroughly romantic work, full of lyricism and sudden transitions. Throughout the symphony we find an alternation of quiet melodiousness and stormy impetuosity.

The first, or allegro movement starts with an important motive in the lower strings. This is followed by a gentle melody in the woodwinds which develops quickly into a powerful figure. Then follows what is undoubtedly the best known theme in the symphony, and one of the most familiar of all Schubert's innumerable melodies. It comes first in the 'cellos, then in the violins. Most of the development is based on this theme, and the introductory motive. Although always interesting, the development is neither as extensive or as long as we might expect in a standard symphony. The first part of the movement is then repeated, and the end comes with an arrangement of the same dark motive with which the music began.

The second, or andante movement is marked by greater tranquility than the first, but even here we find loud and vigorous passages with prominent brass. Two notes in the horns introduce the main theme, which is carried on in the strings. Throughout the movement it is heard in various arrangements. Many of Schubert's loveliest effects in this movement are found in the changes of key or modulations with which he handles this theme. The other important theme, coming on the clarinet about one quarter of the way through the movement, is of an indescribable lyric beauty. It follows immediately again in an almost unrecognizably furious rendition. After more development of both themes, the symphony ends in assured tranquility.

Characteristic of Schubert is the rhythmic background figure often accompanying a theme. This is a device he used in a large number of his songs: voice and rhythmic accompaniment; and now transferred into the orchestra. Notice, too, unpretentious endings to both movements, without any of the redundant thumping about on the final chord that mars some of the effect of even greater works of his time. Pay most attention, though, to the poetic beauty and wealth of the melody, for that is where Schubert the song-writer excells.

—Manitoban.

EPITAPH.

We knew him as "Old Ten Percent"—
The more he had the less he spent;
The more he got the less he lent.
He's dead—we don't know where he went,
But if his soul to Heaven was sent
He'll own the harp and charge 'em rent!

MArquette 0263 J. RONDOS

Rainbow Sweets
AND TEA ROOM
Cigarettes Cigars Drinks
PARK AND MILTON
MONTREAL
Meals .30 - .35 - .40
Ice Cream Bricks Candy

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Neilson's

"Our Love"

Theme of all bright young things, singing the praises of a new little shop on our third floor that has become the Young Rendezvous.

One of the many good reasons — this simple sheer wool in a beautiful creamy beige — fine under furs, and later with bright accessories.

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Also party pink — and black. Junior sizes 11 to 17.

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A group of daytime and dinner dresses
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HOLT RENFREW
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WAR SAVINGS
STAMPS
at the
McGill Union — Tuck Shop
Arts Building — Mr. Gentleman
R. V. C. — Hall Porter
Douglas Hall — Porter's Office

Powder 'n' Puff
by
Suzie

Your humble correspondent, while guzzling the most noble brew of them all, that lovely and fascinating cream soda, was musing on whether Sadie had any chances to enter the Big Four. Would she be worth any bets? Was there any possibility of her taking her place beside the four ladies of history, famed for their techniques, and that the least? Yours truly backs Sadie to the death in her ability to nose out Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Madame du Barry, and the Dragon Lady, and not only make the combination the Big Five, but lead the hunting pack.

After all Sadie has the major qualification to line up with the Famous Four. She got her man, and while her methods may not be what is described in medical texts as subtle, she may still effect what is referred to in aforesaid texts as a hangover. She as well as they, symbolizes that shy elusiveness of the ladies that always is a major part of the proper pursuit tactics. After delicate attention from Sadie, a man is much more likely to see stars and imagine himself in heaven.

Abasement.

We are always glad to abase ourselves before Sadie, and refer to her as our guide and mentor. Knock 'em down and drag 'em out has its points, at times, we say, after flashing our sparkling orbs at the Boys in Blue and the kids in Khaki, but at least there is one time during the year in which we can attack and follow through unsanctioned. We love that gal.

We must hasten to explain to certain Engineers that the only reason we backed Turnabout Time so strongly is that we feel that feminine superiority even when it has a chance to appear so blantantly, should be still slightly disguised to keep up the blissful illusion that it's the men who make the headway. The poor souls, the boys.

The cream soda is beginning to knock us out cold, but in the true fashion that is analagous with the mention of the homey features of "Hell Below," we keep on undaunted, with minding and pursuing our own business. So long as we last until we offer the few words of advice that we have to give, girls.

Spree Final Event.

Remember, the Spree is the final event of Sadie Hawkins' Week, so look your best, and dash a few drops of that new bottle of Surrender on you. Its your last chance until next year to be ethical about the whole idea of getting your man, even though the intention is to tone done the pressure of the process. Bear in mind that while distant fields looked greener, to you, you want to hang on to them now.

One thing more, before we forget—we hope that nobody plays upon you the dirty trick that Mumbling Minnie played on us last year when she brought you—remember—whom to the Spree, and refused to divulge a word about it afterwards, let alone allowing people to dance with him. Whenever he was asked for a dance, he referred us anxious ladies, with our twenty-eight to thirty-two (circa) pieces of ivory hanging out of our mouths, to Mumbling Minnie. She would wither us with a glance, and drag him away. People can be fair about Sadie Hawkins' Week, we reason, and not let themselves be carried away with it. Good Hunting, ladies!

DEMOCRACY

(Editor's Note—We reprint this for its timely significance. No other comments are necessary.)

Make Democracy Work

The Mop and Pail today gives its dear readers another UNBIASED survey of public opinion on conscription in Canada. Of 100 county editors interviewed on the subject, it was obvious that at least 97 per cent. were OVERWHELMINGLY in favour of immediate conscription for overseas service.

The question put was: "Would you go to Ottawa and attempt to bomb every member of the cabinet in broad daylight if conscription were introduced? Answer, "Yes" or "No." (Failure to do this will automatically register you as in favor of conscription, a bitter enemy of trade unionism and a life-long friend of the Mop and Pail.) Our life-long friends always receive free subscriptions to the Mop and Pail and our fervent support if your employees ever strike for decent working conditions."

Here is proof of the overwhelming support which Canadians give this, our biggest pet project since the Leadership League (Remember—). It comes from the Oskytonk Monthly Chronicle (circulation 232):

"No, I must answer your question in the negative, as it is too dangerous in broad daylight."

From the Copy Boy on the Trumpetville Gazette "No I wouldn't bomb the cabinet. It's too messy . . . perhaps shooting . . ."

From the Editor-in-chief of the Zilchtown Weekly Times "It's treason to answer 'Yes,' but in the interests of Canada and Canadian unity, I'll take that chance."

The society editor of the Wallawoo Examiner: "No." (The Mop and Pail takes this opportunity to announce their purchase of the Wallawoo Examiner.)

So, gentle readers, that proves it, and if you're fascist enough to suggest anything as undemocratic as a vote on the subject, you're very, very unpatriotic, and WE'LL see that you're interned.

The End.

Zilchtown, Jan. 13: It was announced late last night that the Editor-in-Chief of the Zilchtown Times has been arrested for treason.

—The Varsity.

"EXPLANATION."

Note: We refuse to argue with any sociology brains on the biological angle of the following:

"I am a little moron
As happy as can be.
And yet I am the brightest one
On my ancestral tree.
"My mother is a microcephalic;
My sister a Cretin, she;
My brother a Mongolian idiot.
My father was insane, you see."

—Scholastic.

"I had to change my seat several times at the movies."

"Gracious, did a man get fresh?"

"Well, finally."

—Gateway.

Coed Badminton Rounds Must Be Played Soon

We have been asked to remind the somewhat dilatory coed athletes that there is a badminton tournament going on, and that there are several matches which have not yet been played. If any first round matches are still not played off by the end of the week retribution will strike swift and hard—to put it plainly the game will be defaulted to the persons in the upper bracket.

There are several really good players in the tournament who are keenly interested in bringing it to a fair finish. So Barbara Mercer, the badminton manager, has expressed the wish that all competitors should co-operate by playing off their rounds as soon as possible.

Sunday Ski Trips Prove Successful

Excursion to Be Held This Week-end

Five co-eds and seven puffing men climbed up a long, long hill, up on to Mt. J.C. and down, into Sun Valley in a whirling cloud of powder snow. Perfect snow beneath and a glorious sun above.

Mr. Johannsen lead the party down the eventful trail toward St. Sauveur. The vanguard of co-eds admired the view from the summits while panting engineers and Meds struggled upwards.

LEAVE FROM VAL MORIN

Starting at 11.30 from Val Morin, the party headed for Sun Valley Farm, had lunch, and set forth, breaking trail up to Mt. Loup Garou. From the top they saw range upon range of hills, from Mt. Tremblant to Mount Royal and across to the Sutton Mountains.

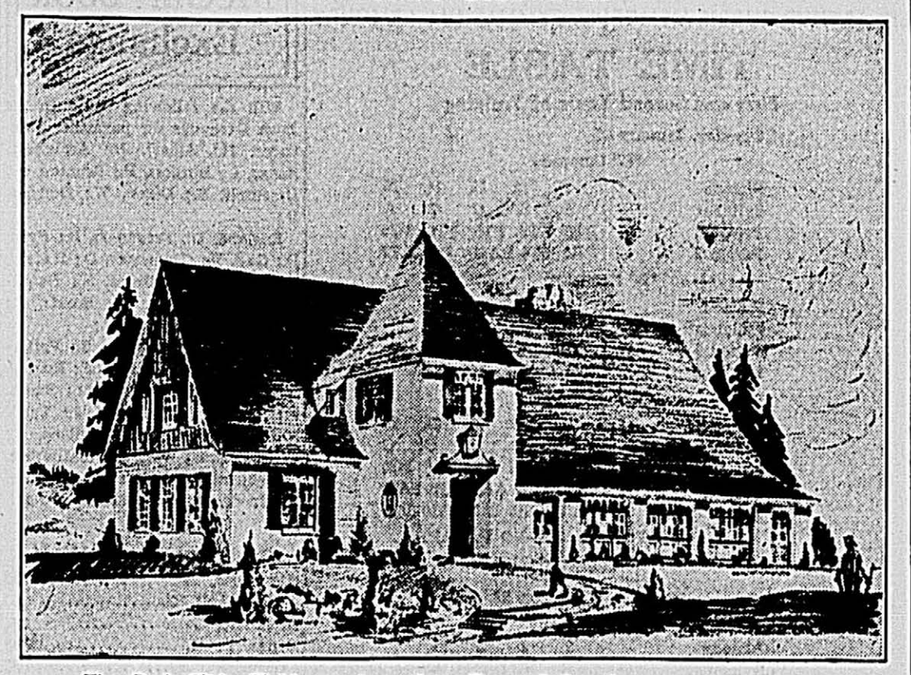
Slaloming expertly, the girls set a shining example as they descended swiftly into the woods below. Then the bushwhack! The girls plunged through the underbrush wrestling with branches and encountering hidden rocks. Emerging upon a lumber trail, the party divided, half of them following Mr. Johannsen down the Maribou trail to St. Sauveur. Then tea at the Penguins and a rush for the train. The other half, led by Art Gravel, stemmed furiously down a heavily wooded slope where a trail was supposed to have been. From there they skirted Lac Reynaud to get a long run down into the valley behind the Marquis' Hill. Another bushwhack through the woods to the Marquis' grass-roofed mansion, and down a glorious run to the river Simeon in the valley below. From there they crossed over to the Devil's river and followed it to the Piedmont Station, and lo and behold! there was a train waiting!

OPEN TO EVERYONE.

These Sunday trips are open to all students. You need not be an expert to have a wonderful time. This Sunday a tow will be run from Mont Rolland for the Goopers. We will follow the Johannsen west to Shawbridge for about eight miles, and, for a time this year we will eat out. For more ambitious skiers, the run will be from Ste. Marguerite down the same trail for about twelve miles.

Watch the Daily for particulars of next week-end's trip.

PARK SLIDE CLUBHOUSE



The Park Slide Clubhouse just above Beaver Lake where co-eds will entertain Li'l Abner with an informal evening of fun and dancing at the opening event of Turnabout Time.

Refreshments Compensate for Slideless Coed Coast at Park Slide Clubhouse This Evening

Self Invited Males to Invade Sadie's Ranks

The heavens again smiled, the omens proved favourable, and to revert to Kings' English, it snowed last night in answer to the concerted prayer of sports enthusiasts everywhere on the campus. The weatherman sent down flurries of gentle snow and raised our hopes to the extent of anticipating a perfect evening for our coast, though slideless. Unfortunately there will be no change, despite the extra snowfall, for the club has announced the impossibility of erecting the coast, in compliance with our wishes. As a compensatory measure, however, coffee and sandwiches will be served with no extra charge. Some datees will now find it unnecessary to consult Emily Post on the behaviour of the polite male during the upward trek of a sex reversed evening on a toboggan slide. It will be a case where, in the matter of ups and downs, the downs will have precedence . . . and we hope the sandwiches won't come up.

The money for all tickets should be in the hands of Sue Mackay, first year representative of the Women Students' Atheletic Society, no later than noon today; however they may be procured during the day from Sue at R.V.C. All unsold tickets should also be returned at this time to prevent unnecessary confusion in accounting later on.

The M.W.S.A.A. deserves special credit for the planning of an event so favourable to the outdoor boy. The Coast, prompted by purely generous motives, will provide excellent conditioning for the boys in preparation for the three days' ordeal of telephonitis they will undoubtedly suffer. The Association has given special consideration too, to a further branch of physical exercise in which the outdoor boy is not particularly proficient, the gambado, to be specific. In being provided with an opportunity to show their form, those lads who might lose out on extra dates because of inadequacy in tripping the light fantastic will stand a greater chance of a bid for the Spree on the merits of their proficiency in cutting corners. Conditions on Beaver Lake have been pronounced excellent.

DR. ROSCOE TO ATTEND

Doctor Roscoe, warden of R.V.C., Mrs. Tyrrell, and Miss Wagner have agreed to attend. Miss Munroe, and Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Van Wagner are among the invited guests. With no intentions of profanity, we here include some self-invited males who will also be on hand, with their favourite Sadies in tow. These gentlemen have availed themselves of tickets by deputy in the person of one, G.M., to quote statistics to date. Whether this has been occasioned by female hesitancy or male impatience remains to be seen.

To come to the matter of proper attire, ski togs will be in order. The idea being comfort above all, dancing will be in stocking feet.

An orchestra will be in attendance from 9 to 1 a.m., and so sport fans, until 8 p.m. at the Mount Royal Club House.

Trousers will be worn.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"Hello there, my good fellow."
"Hiss."
"Beg pardon?"
"Hiss."
"Well, such an impertinent little man."
"Hiss."
"Deserves a good lickin'."
"Hiss."
"Got a notion to give you one. I'm coming in."

Newspaper Headlines: "Inebriated Man Crushed by a Boa Constrictor at Zoo."

—Scholastic.

Coed Sports Schedule

TODAY

Basketball
5.00-6.00 p.m.
B1 vs. C
M.H.S.

Hockey
3.00 p.m.
McTavish Rinks

Fencing
5.00-6.00 p.m.
Lower Gym

Senior Dance Club
3-5 p.m.
Upper Gym

WEDNESDAY, 28th

Junior Dance Club
4 p.m.
Lower Gym

THURSDAY, 29th

Basketball
5-6 p.m.
M vs. B3
Currie Gym

Archery
4.00-6.00 p.m.
In the Lower Gym

Swimming
7.00 p.m.
At the Y.W.C.A.

Badminton (mixed)
7.30 p.m.
Currie Gym

SATURDAY, 31st

Badminton (mixed)
7.30 p.m.
Currie Gym.

Sports Today

INTERCOMPANY HOCKEY
5.00 p.m.
C Coy. vs. E. Coy.

INTERHOUSE HOCKEY
8.30 p.m.
D.H. vs. A.B.C.

WEIGHTLIFTING
5.00 p.m.
Workout

BOXING
5.15 p.m.
Workout

BASKETBALL
5.15 p.m.
Ind.-2 vs. E-1
Ind.-1 vs. D-1

Sports Tomorrow

INTRAMURAL HOCKEY
Macdonald vs. Infantry
12.30 p.m.

INTERCOMPANY HOCKEY
5.00 p.m.
C Coy. vs. Ind.

VOLLEYBALL
4.15 p.m.
6-1 vs. AF-1
A vs. AF-2
5.15 p.m.
G-2 vs. Ind.-2
D vs. C
E vs. F

Coed Fencing Meet To Be Held Saturday

On Saturday at 3 o'clock the McGill coed fencing team is scheduled to hold a meet with the Aggies at Macdonald College. The event will come off before the teachers arrive to take over Strathcona Hall, after which six Macdonald fencers are expected to join the red and white team.

Six girls will be chosen from each college to compete, and as both the teams were coached by Mr. Tully, they should be well-matched, giving one another plenty of competition. In about three weeks the coeds are hoping to hold a return match at McGill, and a tentative meet with the Musketeers Club is also being planned. Gibson Beatty, the fencing manager, has stated that these are only a few of the competitions in which the club intends to take part. The girls have received some new equipment, and are arranging a very active program.

McGill Meet In Golden Ball Game

Final arrangements are being made for McGill to stage the annual Dodds Cup Basketball Game with the leading team in the M.B.L. in aid of the Dr. Naismith Fund on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of Basketball.

The M.B.L. Council have only now to ratify the date for the fixture which should be down at the meeting of the council tomorrow.

The Dodds' game was played annually from 1928 between McGill and the leading team of the Montreal Basketball League up until 1940 when McGill withdrew from outside competition.

BUY WAR CERTIFICATES

Receipts from the Golden Jubilee Basketball Game will go to buy War Saving Certificates which will be turned over to the memorial committee at the close of the war to raise money for the erection of a memorial building to Dr. Naismith at Springfield, Mass.

Dr. Naismith was a past physical instructor at McGill and a graduate of law from this university before going to Springfield where he originated the game of basketball in 1891. Thus, the memorial game to be held at McGill should be of great interest.

Every player participating in the memorial game will have his name registered in the Temple of Basketball to be erected in Springfield.

NATION WIDE CELEBRATION.

The game to be played here at McGill will be only one of a series of games to be played across the United States and Canada in commeration of the Golden Jubilee of basketball, the proceeds from which will go to the Basketball Hall of Fame in Springfield. The Varsity boys at Toronto have made arrangements to play an all star Toronto team in a Golden Ball to be played in Toronto.

HOW TO RIDE
in
Nine Easy Cantos

Being an introduction to the noble animal
or
How to get more on a horse than your shirt
or
Arnica and Old Lace.

Canto I
You need a horse
Of course.

Canto II
Which doesn't lack
A back.

Canto III
Straddle
The saddle.

Canto IV
Can you see his ears
My Dears?

Canto V
Give the strap in your hand
A brief inspection.
It's used to change
The beast's direction.

Canto VI
The things that dangle from the seat
Are used to hold your feet.

Canto VII
If the horse and you can't keep together,
For heaven's sake don't grab the leather.

Canto VIII
Ready? Touch his sides lightly
And hang on tightly.

Canto IX
You're off!

Envoy
Get back on.

—Varsity.

Pink Cheeks
by I. Wonder

There is no end to our sorrow, we shed buckets and buckets and buckets of tears after the Engineers put their Daily out. What have we ever done to the He-Men on the campus to deserve all those mean things? We always stuck up for the Engineers, but from now on they're not our friends. Oh for the ones that graduated in '41, they at least appreciated our feeble efforts.

❖ ❖ ❖

Have the Plumbers ever seen the coeds in their gym outfits? They wear red shorts, and not pink tights, and they look mighty nice too. Or perhaps the Engineers were too full of their forty beers to tell the difference. Maybe when they finally crash through the door at the end of the underground tunnels—they've tried, we have witnesses—they will see just what the girls wear.

❖ ❖ ❖

Apparently the boys don't think much of our efforts to be of any help in case of an air raid. Have you ever seen the girls at work? Fires haven't a chance—no fireman could handle the hose better than our fair coeds.

❖ ❖ ❖

Wondering what to wear tonight for the coast? If skating is to be the pastime, those awfully cute skirts will surely make "Him" remember you. Sliding, did you mutter? Well the good old reliables—yes, we mean slacks, ski boots with bells on the heels, just in case you get lost, and a jacket that brings all the soft colours to your face.

❖ ❖ ❖

War have even touched the coeds—no corsages for the Spree; too much money. We're sure the boys will shed bitter tears. How they loved to get on the street-car with a bunch of carrots dangling from their shoulder, especially if they had red hair. Maybe even the coeds won't mind not having to bury their noses in a bunch of onions.

❖ ❖ ❖

We advise however that you just forget all about clothes and accessories during these three short days. Just get your man and have a wonderful time!

CANCELLATION

Due to unavoidable circumstances Loyola has been forced to cancel their game with McGill which was scheduled to be played this evening. The cancellation was no fault of the McGill Athletic Office and news of the cancellation from Loyola last night came as a complete surprise.

No definite arrangements have been made for future hockey exhibition games although plans are underway for holding some other games soon.

The sudden cancellation of the game will be sad news to the members of the team, who have practiced hard in preparation for their season debut but it is hoped that their practice will not be in vain and other exhibition games may be arranged in the near future.

Your Downtown RENDEZVOUS
Music Box
Downstairs at the MOUNT ROYAL HOTEL

Honey Dew
Invitation TO GOOD FOOD
All the gang say: "Honey Dew for us." The reason: First-class food perfectly prepared. Drop in today.
HONEY DEW
A Stone's throw from the Campus

— THRILL TO —
PATTI PICKENS
&
BOB SIMMONS
A FINE SHOW!
1258 STANLEY PL. 8000
Tic Toc
FRENCH WINES AND LIQUEURS ARE STILL AVAILABLE

MACCABEAN CIRCLE
Second Annual Dance
Union Ballroom
Sat., Feb.7, 1942, 9 P.M.
Price: $1.00 per couple

WE HAVE IT . . . .
CRESCENT DRUG STORE
(Corner Park and Prince Arthur)
— BE. 2515 —
AND WE DELIVER IT . . . .
"The Friendly Drug Store"

SADIE —
FEED HIM
AT THE
UNION GRILL ROOM

Galloping Pole Canvasses Attitude of McGill Coeds

(Continued from Page One.)

Do you make advances to your guests? (This includes everything from holding hands to getting fresh.)

Just to be mean we won't give the percentages of this last answer, so you boys can expect a surprise in this line, pleasant or otherwise... A few typical answers: "Well, I just act the same as usual" . . . "I repay my friends in kind."

Ah, youth! isn't it cute? But we pass on to Section three. . .

1) Do you prefer to go out with Engineers? Meds? Other faculties? Engineers—28%; Meds—24%; Others—48%.
(But the response to the Engineers was most enthusiastic. Instead of the "Yeah . ." which mention of other faculties called forth, the name of Engineering was generally met with a terrific "Yes!!!" . . . . Or maybe I'm prejudiced, perhaps.)
2) Do you make new friendships rather than take out people you already know? Yes—5%; No—95%.
(. . . . . And then they say the modest, shy female is dead! Because, mark you, each of those ninety-five out of a hundred denials was accompanied by a soft sigh. . . .)
3) Do you take out boys not at college? Yes—30%; No—70%.

Well, so now you boys know just where you stand, and also the Daily goes down in history as a truly Skientifick paper, with an earnest interest in research and all that fascinating stuff . . . and I always did think researchers were such interesting people in those cute white smocks, and that's why this research was conducted so carefully for the benefit of posterity and all those people.

Economy Club Elects Girl

(Continued from Page One)

only had she received a signal honor in being elected president, but her presence as the first lady at any of the meetings was something she should take cognizance of. Miss Scragg accepted her new status with blushes and smiles that made every man present puff with delighted pleasure. "We-all thank you kindly," she trilled, to their delight.

Potpourri

(Continued from Page One.)

to gather breath wherewith to pursue her verbal advantage, he said with frayed patience, "Why don't you go home and wax your skis?"

Sadie Rides Caboose to McGill

(Continued from Page One.)

reporters were t-finding her tale very t-touching). "I wouldn't have thought it of you, especially after we've had so much fun together for the last few years."

"Were you mad," asked an innocent freshman, staring open mouthed at this outburst of emotion. "I'll say I was. I was absolutely insulted. So I've decided to show those gals at McGill. To think they could keep me in that thar hot box."

Her voice descended to a whisper. "The trouble is, they're jealous," she confided. "Because I always get my—I mean, I get what I go after. But I'll show them. I'll take the best boys you've got." And she began looking speculatively over the crowd.

Coeds Choose Kampus King

(Continued from Page One)

The King expressed a decided preference for members of the Red Cross Corps, but said that the A.R.P. workers are "a charming addition to the campus."

Ferdinand, (and I hope I may call you Ferdinand), was emphatic in his denial that his name had any relation to the well known and much publicized Disney bull but he did admit that he liked the character, and gleefully spent many hours absorbing such like pearls of wisdom.

Some of the more practical readers may want the all-important telephone number. Well, buy a directory.

The Kampus King will be easily recognizable in future by his favourite expression, "Who is the Kampus King, and why am I?"

NOTICES

Wanted

One beautiful coed to take me to the Spree. Next best thing will do. Phone Bill at Be. 2885.

Debating Union Society

Kindly note that there will be a meeting on Thursday, January 29, 1942 at 3 p.m., in the Union Music Room. But there will be no picture taken due to technical difficulties. The following are asked to attend: M. Savage, I. Lawrence, R. Hill, L. Henderson, J. Toller, S. Bross, G. McColm, E. Skutezky.

Found

In Grill Room, pair of dark glasses. Owner can obtain same at Tuck Shop.

Maccabean Circle

Will Harold Finestone, Dickie Goldbloom, Buddy Manolson, Lillian Brown, Maurice Godine, Harold Rosenbaum and Bebe Kirsch please turn up to be in the Group picture at Jacoby's on Saturday at one o'clock.

Combined Glee Club Practice

The first combined practice of the R.V.C. and McGill Glee Clubs since the holidays will take place this afternoon at 5.15 p.m. in the Ballroom of the Union. Preparations are being made for the annual concern which will be presented in March. Since the concert is only six weeks away, all singers are requested to make an effort to attend this and subsequent practices.

Chess Club

The following games are to be played off, and their results are to be given in to the Union Tuckshop by noon on Thursday, January 29th:

Ayoub vs. Munroe.
Rossy vs. Hardwick.
MacDowall vs. (winner of Bishop vs. Stalker).
Druckman vs. Gilbert.
Angel vs. Dion.
Gerst vs. Melamed.
Atkinson vs. Mahabir.
Smart vs. Kendler.

Women's Debating Society

The following coeds are asked to be present at the Jacoby Studios at 1.30 this afternoon, January 27, for the group picture of the Women's Debating Society: Ivy Lawrence, Marion Savage, Ruth Hill, Jean Mitchell, Pat Wheatley, Dixie Andrews and Louise Skutesky.

R.V.C. Ping-Pong

Will everyone who is still in the R.V.C. ping-pong tournament play off immediately; the tournament ends definitely tomorrow, January 28th and all who have not played their games will be disqualified.

Inter-Class Debates

The first and second year interclass debate which was to have been held this afternoon has been cancelled, but the junior-senior debate will be held in the Arts Building at 3 p.m. as scheduled.

Lost.

A Delta Simga Phi fraternity pin, with the initials J.F.B. on the back. It was lost within the vicinity of the Engineering and the Chemistry buildings. Finder please phone PL. 2435.

Lost.

A Delta Sigma Phi fraternity pin with the initials R.D.Q. Will finder please phone PL. 2435.

McGill Historical Club.

There will be a meeting of the McGill Historical Club on Thursday evening, January 29th, at 8.15 at the home of Professor Adair, 3578 University Street. Mr. G. K. Stuart will speak on "Childhood in the Middle Ages."

Notice to Mining and Metallurgy Students.

Students desiring summer employment in mines or metallurgical plants should fill out application forms at my office in the Chemistry and Mining Building as soon as possible. It is necessary to know how many students wish employment in order to make arrangements for their placement.

—W. G. McBride.

Montreal Neurological Society.

The next meeting of the Montreal Neurological Society will be held in the Lecture Amphitheatre of the Montreal Neurological Institute on Wednesday, January 28th, 1942, at 5.00 p.m. The programme will be as follows: "Brain Abscess," given by Dr. W. V. Cone.

Students Asked to Sign Lists

(Continued from Page One.)

amiss. She was born and brought up in Dogpatch and with the exception of a mild form of disappearianza she has ever since been victorious in her attacks on unsuspecting males. Oh, well, so much for biographies.

Now photographs. The photography editor tells me that he has received numerous contributions but they are not as numerous as he ought to be. Sadie sells much of photographs. She has at least a triple infinitude of fans seeking her, including me. She has won several beauty contests and can boast of one suitor (me).

Biographies and photographs, men and women, lists and posters, Sadies and Abners me and the lamp post all that is wanted is that you sign the lists on the walls. Remember the writing on the wall. It bears happy omens, predictions of pleasant things to come. . . . "Veni, Vidi, Tekel, Albaquerque."

STONY

And it did come to pass that on the day two suns previous to that devoted to Thor the god of war this scribe was informed that this addition to the record of the men of Scienz in the land of Queenz in the city of Kin must be in its place by the hour of eight and already it is the hour of five.

Much have the men of Scienz done in the scant few days since last our secretaries didst carve out the living rock to inscribe this record thereon.

For the work on the Scienz For Mal goes on apace and daily do the plans of the Comi Tee of the Scienz For Mal materialize, from the clear air as do sondgels of silicic acid from clear concentrated solutions—yea and form concrete and lasting proof of the mystery of Scienz.

And it has come to pass that there has been built a Mini Ature—yea and this Ature is such that it follows the Laws of Direct Proportion. And this Mini Ature represents in scale the cavernous catacombs of the halls of Grant—yea even and of Kingston.

Not so does it represent their pitiful bareness as now they stand—not so, quoth Fen the Kry (a barren void fit only for the men of Erts), but transformed into something rich and strange as they shall appear to the favored multitudes on the Ides of Pisces.

Yea and each cave and cavern is dimensioned on this graphic panorama of loveliness and each chair, divan and sofa, and on the day there will be no questions asked as to what goes where or why, no slide-rule calculations need be made as the Laws of Direct Proportion shall be indented on shafts of steel and the figures shall be read therefrom.

And this Mini Ature doth depict in breath-taking beauty all that will be unfolded on the Ides of Pisces for Maid Marion's approval.

And to all the tribes of Queenz is extended invitation thereto (subject to priorities and rationing), and the Ides of Pisces shall display a spectacle of stupendous magnitude, the like of which the hall of Grant has never, never seen.

—Queen's Journal.

INTERMEZZO

The church organ hummed.
Everyone talked, no one listened.
As each person passed the seats, the ribbon rustled.
The white flowers, ordered for the event of the year, looked crisp and artificial.
Mrs. Andrews turned and looked at me sadly. "Good morning, Mr. Jenkins," she whined.
"I love you truly," pleaded the organ.
"How are you, Mr. Jenkins?" chirped Mrs. Turner. She didn't realy care. Just wanted me to know she had seen me.
A nudge and Carl was in.
"I wish I hadn't come.
Why hadn't I come late?"
"You've made your bed. Now—"
I debated whether to hit him in front of all those people or wait.
I waited.
The sunshine winked at me.
The crucifix smiled sadly at me.
And then the music screamed, and she was starting down the aisle, passing me when I should have been the one to be waiting for her at the end of the muslin.
She was Venus.
And I was Zeus with the headache.
She was his, and I was OUT
The flowers drooped.
I left the church.

—Daily Atheneum.

THE DOOR . . .

It was only an oak door, it might even have been veneer, standing all by itself in a corridor wall. A wide window above it (perhaps the door could tell why that window was there, but I am sure no one else could) let the light from the sanctum which the door guarded, out to illuminate the corridor, and the incandescents in the corridor repaid the compliment by throwing a few straggling beams into the inner sanctum.

Little scraps and tatters of an address managed to creep out despite the best efforts of the door, which must have been at least 20 years, old, but that chaste exterior would not dare reveal anything, much less its age. At times the flow of scraps of speech were interrupted, as though perhaps the speaker had addressed a question to some group of University students. Sometimes even a low reverberation as of laughter would issue forth to the chagrin of that valiant door, which strove to suppress all that detracted from its dignity of the first place in the corridor.

But look! The door knob is turning, silently, for this is a well-mannered door. The hidden audience notices the door ajar, and an insane burst of mad laughter results. Discomfited the door turns slowly and quietly, to remain regretfully (perhaps even mournfully) shut on those heinous laughers, who surely can have no substantial reason for congregating in that sanctum on this night when we are exploring, in ghostly fashion, the mysteries of the Arts Building. But let us return another time to peruse the life of this fine upstanding oaken (or veneer) door that stands first in the corridor.—Gateawy.

McGill Reserve Training Battalion

SIR ARTHUR CURRIE MEMORIAL GYMNASIUM-ARMOURY

TIME TABLE

First and Second Years of Training

Tuesday, January 27

"C" Company

Platoon	11	12	13	14	15
Syllabus	B	C	C	C	A
Period 1	FT6	FT6	FT6	FT6	FT6
Period 2	RR5	PT6	FA11	D8	AT3

"D" Company

Platoon	16	17	18	19
Syllabus	A	A	A	A
Period 1	FT6	FT6	FT6	FT6
Period 2	PT6	D16	R16	AT3

"E" Company

Platoon	21	22	23	24	25
Syllabus	B	B	C	C	C
Period 1	FT6	FT6	FT6	FT6	FT6
Period 2	RR4	R6	AA1	PT5	FA10
Period 3	AT2	RR3	L12	FA10	PT5

"F" Company—NO PARADE
"G" Company—NO PARADE

Wednesday, January 28

"A" Company

Platoon	1	2	3	4
Syllabus	B	C	C	A
Period 1	FT6	FT6	FT6	FT6
Period 2	P2	RR5	PT7	AT2

"F" Company

Platoon	26	27	28	29	30a	30a
Syllabus	A	A	A	B	A	C
Period 1	FT6	FT6	FT6	FA11	FT6	FT6
Period 2	—	—	—	FT6	R16	FA11
Period 3	L3	PT6	B5	D9	RR5	L13

Times of Parades

"A" Coy., Less Pl. 5—
Mon. Wed., Fri. 1400-1555 hrs
No. 5 Pl., "A" Coy.—
Mon. 1400-1700 hrs
Sat. 1110-1300 hrs.
"C" Coy.—
Tues., Thurs., Sat. 0900-1055 hrs.
"D" Coy.—
Tues., Thurs., Sat. 1110-1300 hrs
"E" Coy.—Tues., Sat. 1400-1700 hrs
"F" Coy., Less Pl. 29, 30—
Mon., Wed., Fri. 1110-1300 hrs.
No. 29 Pl., "F" Coy.—
Tues. 1900-2200 hrs.
Wed. 1000-1300 hrs
No. 30A Pl., "F" Coy.—
Wed. 1400-1700 hrs
Fri. 1400-1700 hrs.
No. 30B Pl., "F" Coy.—
Mon. 1400-1700 hrs.
Thurs. 1400-1700 hrs.
"G" Coy. — Tues. 1900-2200 hrs.
Thurs. 1400-1700 hrs.
Defaulters — Sat. 1700-1800 hrs.

Subjects and Code

D—Drill
FA—First Aid
M—Marching
R—Rifle
P—Pistol
B—Bayonet
F—Fieldcraft
REC—Reception
PT—Physical Training
ATR—Anti Tank Rifle
RR—Rifle Range
AA—Anti Aircraft
L—Light Machine Gun
G—Protection Against Gas
MR—Map Reading
FT—Fundamental Training

LI-TAI-PO.

To a Chinese Poet.

His eyes are glassy.
They stare stupidly at the bench of the inn;
There stands
The bottle.

What do you think, friend?
Is he a drunkard, ruined by alcohol,
Mind and body
A wreck?

You might be right now,
But wait, till he lifts all of his flesh
And reaches
For wine!

Then look at his eyes!
See his hands flattering the guitar!
This is
The poet.

He sings his song,
Every part of his body is in rapture,
His words
Are music.

It is all over.
Cast away the guitar and broken the glass
Again
He stares.

—Daily Athanaeum.

LESS EXAM DODGING

Not only are there fewer psuedosick midyear dodgers this year, but Harvard is generally healthier than at any time since 1935, according to Dr. Arlie V. Bock, Oliver Professor of Hygiene.

Each year a large number of hopeful and sly students slink into the Hygiene Building on Holyoke Street with requests to be excused from exams because of various serious diseases. In the past such students have not received much help from the Department, which has been rather successful in separating the real sicknesses from the assumed.

This year, for reasons which the Department has not been able to determine, the number of attempts has been smaller. Members of the staff felt that one possibility was an increased feeling of responsibility because of the war. With a definite purpose in coming to college, students may feel that exams are not made merely to be skipped.

Harvard Healthier.

Along with the drop in midyearitis is the drop in Harvard sickness as a whole. A comparison of the total number of visits to the Department clinics for the first three months of 1940 and 1941 shows this trend. In September, October and November of 1940, there were 1,011 more patients at the clinics than in the corresponding months of this year.

Dr. Bock doesn't know how to explain the very definite improvement in Harvard health. Since 1935 each year has seen a sad increase in the medical requirements of students. Dr. Bock said that as early as last spring he "had a hunch" that there would be less patients this year. Evidently some sort of cycle is at work, and Harvard is on the upswing at the moment. If the United States as a whole is at the same stage, it would seem that Japan chose a singularly inauspicious moment for her attack.

War Effort An Explanation

The war furnishes a possible explanation for this question as well as the exam dodgers, Dr. Bock suggests. It has been the experience of doctors in England that the excitement of a war, as well as the feeling of a large common objective, has taken people's minds from their own ailments. In fact the group in England which has had the most complaints is the army, waiting in boring expectancy to defend Britain from German invasion.

"Bluebook blues" is not only a fake malady. Exams only intensify what Dr. Bock believes are the ever-present problems of the undergraduate. "Year after year we try to explain, but they don't listen to us," he said. They stay up all night, feeding on coffee, coca-cola, caffein tablets, and benzedrine sulfate." If students would go to bed around 11 o'clock instead of cramming, Dr. Bock feels that they would do better on the exams next morning.

In Corpore Sano

Especially during midyears, Dr. Bock said, daily exercise is extremely important. "One hour a day of good fast exercise will help a great deal to keep a boy fit for his exams."

The doctor wasn't very hopeful about undergraduates' taking his advice, however. "I've about decided they just learn by experience," he lamented. "They don't believe a word I say."

—Harvard Crimson.

Ooh, La, La!

A Frenchman was relating his experience in studying the English language. He said: "When I first discovered that if I was quick I was fast; that if I was tied I was fast; if I spent too freely I was fast, and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged. But when I came across the sentence, "The first one won one one-dollar prize," I gave up trying."

—Queens Journal.

McGill Book Exchange

Will the following apply to the Book Exchange for payment: Alexander, H.; Albert, H.; Archibald; Bangs, L.; Burgess, H.; Brunton, A.; Desautels, R.; Dixon, W.; Douglas, D.;

England, D.; Fergusson, R.; Fyon, D.; Galt, P.; Goldwater, D.; Hadrill, P.; Hale, W.; Halfhide, R.; Hamilton, E.; Hamilton, M.; Harris, R.; Howie, R.; Hyndman, P.;

O'Donnel, P.; Oenger, S.; Patterson, M.; Pick, C.; Ravise, J.; Russell, E.; Saunders, C.; Slach, M.; Smith, F.; Speilman, H.; Stovel, J.; Thirlaway, J.; Walker, P.; Wallace, A.; Waterman, E.; Watt, J.; Weatherbee, G.; Wheatley, P.; Wilson, J.; Winier, E. Woods, N.; Woodgalt, B.; Wright, G.

Outstanding Accounts 1940-41.

Alexander, M.	.55
Archambault, G.	.45
Archibald, G.	.90
Bangs, L. G.	1.35
Benson, N.	1.35
Brown, J. M.	.65
Calder, J. A.	.95
Clarke, C.	1.60
Cohen, W.	1.10
Coutts	.90
Crabtree, E.	.25
Davis, R. M.	2.25
Davis, C. L.	.65
Deubon, E.	1.35
Ekers, D.	.70
Fergusson	.20
Fergusson, R.	.45
Fournier, P.	.45
Gladwell, R.	.65
Gold, S.	1.35
Goldwater, D.	.10
Hy, H.	1.10
Harris, R. D.	2.00
Hurd, W. H.	.40
Hutchins, T. J.	2.90
Hamilton, B.	.85
King, M.	.30
Keay, D.	.10
Lawson, K.	.15
Miller, K. S.	.90
Mills, F. D.	3.30
Morozovitch, P.	.90
Mowat, W. S.	.40
MacLennan, L. O.	.65
MacNab, E. N.	1.55
Peets, D.	1.35
Ridge, R.	.65
Ritchie, M.	1.75
Robertson, M.	3.15
Rodney, J. F.	1.55
Rolland, B.	2.70
Rubin, W. H.	1.55
Simkover, H.	.45
Soucy, L.	.65
Steins, W.	1.35
Tait, I.	1.80
Tennant, A. T.	.25
Thompson, P. R.	.90
Udow, A.	.35
Weeks, K.	.65

Outstanding Accounts Previous to 1940.

Adair, H.	.20
Allan, G. S.	2.25
Allison, B.	.50
Archambault, A.	.55
Archibald, G.	1.20
Armstrong, P.	1.15
Barclay, B.	.90
Bindman, F.	.65
Brooke, D.	.70
Brodie, D.	3.35
Brown, F.	.90
Brown, J. Q.	.45
Bruce, J.	.65
Burdman, F.	.95
Cairn, W. M.	2.40
Calder, J. A.	.45
Cheverette, D. M.	.25
Church, R. M.	4.50
Childs, A.	.15
Cohen, W.	.90
Coutts, E.	1.80
Craig, I.	.90
Cushing, M. B.	.65
Deakin, C. S.	2.25
Denison, W. A.	.65
Derick, B. M.	.20
Douglas, P. M.	1.10
Duffy, D. S.	.65
Desbarats, M.	.25
Ekers, D.	2.70
Earle, F.	.50
Ekers, D.	.50
Fergusson	.45
Findlay, H. T.	.65
Findlay, J.	.70
Fisk, K.	.30
Frodeur, G.	.90
Farquharson, S.	1.10
Fergusson, R.	1.85
Guignard, D. E.	1.25
Finestone, H.	.65
Heron	1.35
Hickenson, T.	1.80
Hill, K.	.65
Herring	.55
Herring, R. W.	.20
Hertz, R. E. L.	.70
Hewson, P.	.85
Trott, D.	.90
Troy, J.	.90
Thompson, P. B.	.90
Virginia, L. W.	1.70
Woodbury, H. F.	.45
Winslow, B.	.95
Issenman, A.	.65
Lynn, I.	.70
Malony, A.	.25
Marrotte, G.	2.25
Merryth, F.	1.25
Mitchell, B.	1.10
McQuaig, K. L.	1.15
Morend, M.	.70
Moyle, A.	.55
McRee, D. S.	1.60
McKirby, H.	.25
MacDonald, K.	.90
McDonald, J.	1.80
Mendelson, H.	.20
Muttlebury, B.	.70
Norris, P.	.80
Orstein, W.	.90
Painter, E.	.60
Platt	3.40
Powsard, W.	.55
Percy, J.	.55
Rauch, J.	.90
Raynsford, R.	2.85
Ritchie, G. S.	5.30
Robillard, L.	.35
Rodney, G. W.	.70
Robertson, M.	3.35
Roseman, D.	.25
Rossiter, M.	.65
Roy, H.	.45
Redpath, J.	1.55
Rheaume, I.	.60
Ripstein, S.	.50
Sescar, P. M.	.50
Smith, V. M.	.90
Spratt, E.	.70
Stee, M.	1.15
Stowley, C. N.	.30
Straure, R.	.25
Slack, M.	.70
Smith, G. W.	.80
Tennant, D. L.	2.45
Tennant, A.	1.30

Accounts Due for Books Sold in 1942

Will the following please call at the Book Exchange today between nine and one to receive payments:

James, R. Tees
Johnson, Joan
Johnson, Ross E.
Johnston, R. R.
Joren, Guy E.
Keay, D.
King, Donald
Leonards, Thomas
Little, Madelyn
Lobley, M. P.
MacDonald, J. F.
Mahon, E. G.
Malen, M. M.
Mallory, Ruth
Mathewson, K. B.
Mauchan, H. R.
McNab, Jean
Montgomery, Margaret
Mowat, J. K.
Murray, H.
Arenot, Eva
Armstrong, James
Blanchard, R. L.
Christian, R.
Deakin, C. S.
Douglas, W. R.
Gigot, Albert F.
Grove, Sylvia
Hale, W. M.
Harris, C. C.
Hirst, Margaret
Johnston, M. G.
Joseph, Natalie
Kilpatrick, D. B.
Kimmerly, R. J.
Kirsch, Beatrice
Leonard, C. J.
L'Esperance, Robert
Lipton, F.
MacDonald, J. F.
Macfie, Arthur
Mulligan, Tom
Picard, H.
Rayise, J.
Reed, G. E.
Smith, Angus
Niloff, P.
Terroux, R.

AN APOLOGY

In a previous issue of the Journal
Was a pome, intent infernal,
Which, in pre-examination bleakness
I wrote in an hour of weakness,
In disgust with women's ways,
I was somewhat in a daze.
Since then I became more wise
And feel I should apologize.
Since that awful poem ran
I have been a hunted man
And am writing this short note
With fifteen co-eds at my throat.
But that pome I writ so sleek,
Was really wrote with tongue in cheek.
I really think you're not so bad
So co-eds, please don't be too mad,
And for the pome I take the blame
But still remain without a name.

—Queen's Journal.

"Idle Moments"

Verse—from the Ohio State Lantern.

'I wish I were an idle moment
In my professor's class.
For no matter how it goes
It always seems to pass."
How idle the moment doesn't matter.

—Queens Journal.

Well, well, we got our old friend Oscar the Drunk back with us, or did we ever have him before? Anyway it appears that one dark night he was poking for about an hour at the keyhole of his home, sweet home. Suddenly a passerby came up to him:

"Say, old chap, you won't open the door with that: it's a cigar." Oscar was dumfounded to say the least, and why say the least?

"Hully gee, mushta shmoked my latchkey."

—Queen's Journal.

Ships of state for even keel,
Need tons and tons of corset steel;
The die is cast, the fate is written,
Women now must bulge for Britain.

—Western Gazette.

SIGN NOW!
ANNUAL LISTS
ARE UP